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764 Kwoma culture defines the persons who shall dispose of and mourn for the dead. The relatives of the deceased gather to place his body on a platform where it is exposed for several months. Then the members of the subtribe attend a second funeral, for the ceremonial disposal of the bones, and a feast, after which the adult males celebrate the end of the mourning period at the house tamberan with gong, flute, and dance.

571 These, then, are the variously constituted groups and categories of persons as defined by Kwoma culture. They provide the framework into which a child is born and in terms of which he has to learn to act.

114 621 361 614 613 773 The hamlet in which our house was built, and hence the one from which we gathered most of our information, is called Rumbima. It is situated on a mountain ridge near the geographical center of Hongwam subtribe. (See map.) The men of Rumbima claim descent from the giant fish hawk and hence belong to the *Hayamakwo* sib. They divide themselves into two lineages, the larger claiming descent from the culture hero Mangwiyow, and the smaller from Wasahof.

621 613 592 [114] [595] [597] Mangwiyow is reputed to have had five sons, each of whom sired a family line. Our house was built among the dwellings of the living descendants of these five brothers. The oldest living male in the line whose houses were nearest us was named Wof (household 1, family line 2).[18] He dwelt a few yards from our hut with his first wife Kaya, his levirate wife Chinuwa, his adopted son Mey (a nephew), his adopted daughter Buka (a niece), and his stepson Kum (Chinuwa's son by her former husband). Wof is a man of about forty-five[19] whose skin is grey and scaly from tinea. He has the reputation of being a powerful sorcerer.

[754]

621 592 Adjacent to Wof's house is the rather dilapidated dwell-

[18] Households are presented both on the map and on the household chart. Family lines may be found on the lineage chart.

[305] [177] [113] [19] Since the Kwoma had no method of counting years, the ages given are rough approximations based on the physical appearance of the individual and on his estimated age at the time of the tribe's first fleeting contact with Europeans, the members of the Behrmann expedition of 1913. (See W. Behrmann, *Im Stromgebiet des Sepik* [Berlin, 1922].)

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882 262 Once a Kwoma has passed through the initiatory ceremony he learns new restrictions on eating, assumes new economic responsibilities, and acquires new work habits. Although adolescents are for the most part subject to the same restrictions as children, eating at the same times and consuming the same food, there are some special food taboos which now [826] apply for the first time. A boy may not eat fish for several months after his age-grade initiation. His blood, following the ceremonial cutting, is believed to flow down the stream into the lake and finally into the Sepik River, so that it contaminates the fish caught there. The taboo is thus supported by the Kwoma belief that to eat food contaminated by one's own blood is dangerous. Another restriction is the "voluntary" abstention by adolescent boys and girls from eating [764] [765] sago gruel for the period between the first and second funerals of a close relative. A third new limitation upon a boy's [331] eating habits is associated with his sexual behavior. It is be- [753] lieved that if a male eats food cooked by any female with whom he has had sexual intercourse, he will sicken and perhaps die.[4] Sickness is believed to result not only from eating food contaminated by one's own blood, but also from eating food contaminated by one's own sperm. When a woman cooks, any sperm which she has recently received is thought to contaminate the food. For these reasons an adolescent boy takes care not to get the harmful sperm back into his system by eating food cooked by a girl with whom he has philandered.[5]

883 262 602 When Kwoma youths have attained the status of an adolescent, they must assume new economic responsibilities. While they were children, their parents provided all the sago flour that was needed by the household, but now both sexes must share in the labor of collecting and preparing this staple. Since this is a task which involves the cooperation of a man and a woman, a *brother* and *sister* form a team and they produce together a supply of flour to supplement that [462] prepared by the mother and father. It is the boy's duty to

[4] This taboo also applies to adults with the exception of food cooked by a wife.

[5] The effects of this belief on the sexual behavior of the Kwoma will be discussed later.

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ers, he feels that his hunting has not been in vain. If he uses the pig as part payment of the bride-price, hunting helps to put an end to the snooping, interference, and threats of his relatives-in-law. If he trades the pig with the river people, his reward is in shell money. If the pig is used for a funeral feast, he may thereafter eat the food which he has denied himself ever since the death of his relative many months before. If he contributes the pig to a cult or good-will feast, he is rewarded by a gain in prestige. More particularly, he will command greater respect at court meetings, he will have more supporters to come to his aid on the event of a sorcery charge being leveled against him, and his relatives will be less apt to have important work of their own to do when he announces a work bee. Indeed a good pig hunter is a *harafa ma malaka*. All these factors combine to force a Kwoma man to learn to hunt pigs despite the danger and effort involved.

Although pigs are the most-prized game, Kwoma hunters kill other animals as well. Cassowaries come next in importance both in giving prestige to the hunter and in providing food. These large birds are hunted by dogs in the same way as wild pigs, and are likewise dispatched by a spear. Bait-and-blind hunting is not employed, but a hen is sometimes speared while she is on her nest. All smaller birds are killed by means of bow and bird dart. Since most of the wild fowl perch at the top of the jungle trees some sixty to eighty feet from the ground—a very difficult shot even with a rifle—this form of hunting is not highly developed. A native will attempt a shot only when he is within a few feet of the game, when birds alight on the shrubbery near the house. Bow and bird dart are also employed in the hunting of gouria pigeons. These large birds often feed on the windfall under wild fruit trees. A native hunter sometimes makes a blind under such a tree and shoots the pigeons if they are attracted by the fallen fruit.

Men spend little time hunting small game, leaving such activities to children. They sometimes kill rats, snakes, and lizards. The usual method is simply to beat them with any handy stick. Some of the smaller lizards are caught and

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take them to the white court at Ambunti. The police officer will put them all in the calaboose for it." At the funeral the next day, most of the talk was of sorcery. The reaction was hysterical. A group of young men talked in loud excited voices, expressing sentiments similar to those of Sof. They asked me to help them bring the culprit to justice at the white court. During the night following the death and for several days thereafter the anti-sorcery gong messages were sounded at intervals from the house tamberan of the deceased. His relatives redoubled their efforts to discover the sorcerer and to force him to end his machinations, for they feared that they might be the next to be affected by it.[38] The people of Rumbima hamlet were still worrying because they had not yet discovered who had killed Gwiyap's father two years before. They suspected someone from Wanyi sib because Gwiyap's father had prevented some of the young men of this sib from philandering with his sister.

The death of a relative not only increases a Kwoma's fear of sorcery, it also means the loss of one who has hitherto contributed to his support and defense or, if the deceased is a child, one who promises to do so. Hence relatives of the deceased react with real as well as with formalized sorrow. The wailing of the women is the most dramatic of these formal expressions of grief. As soon as the tolling of the gong announces the death, they gather in the house where the corpse lies and start to cry in a long-drawn-out wail punctuated by short sobs on a lower note. A dozen or more women, each wailing in a slightly different key and sobbing at different intervals, produce a strange and moving sound. The women wail continuously until the following morning, when the deceased is placed on the burial platform. The male relatives show their sorrow by breaking their lime gourds on the shield which is used as a bier, and by pouring the contents over the corpse and their own heads. Close relatives, both male and female, smear their faces and sometimes their bodies with

[38] Kwoma believe that one magical performance may kill not only the person from whom the food is stolen, but his close relatives as well, for they may also have had intimate contact with the sorcery material.

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clay or mud, and give up some preferred article in their diet during the interval between the first and second funeral ceremonies. Whether a person makes such manifestations of sorrow depends more on how close a bond of friendship or dependence he has established with the deceased than upon formal kinship ties.

Beliefs about ghosts, as well as fear of sorcery and the feeling of bereavement, determine Kwoma death customs. It is thought that the ghosts of the relatives of the deceased come to escort his soul to the land of the dead. It is further believed that they are attracted by the corpse and hover near the body both while it is in the house and when it is on the funeral platform, and do not leave until the bleached bones are finally buried. If a Kwoma does not express sufficient sorrow for the death of a relative, the ghost of the deceased is likely to become angry and either frighten or possess the unappreciative man or woman. Thus those who are not motivated by personal feelings for the deceased may still mourn to avoid antagonizing his ghost.

A corpse is allowed to lie in the house until a burial platform is built. Early in the morning of the day following the death, the relatives erect near the house of the deceased a covered platform set on stilts about ten feet from the ground. When it is finished, the corpse is placed upon a wooden shield carried by several of the male relatives and lifted to the platform with the aid of a ladder. The body is then washed, and three of the spears of the deceased are placed across the neck, abdomen, and legs and lashed to the floor of the platform to prevent the corpse from falling. The points of the spears are broken so that they will not be stolen. These rites are performed by any old man who is willing to play the rôle of undertaker. All who have had contact with the body wash themselves immediately as a prophylactic against the sickness which they believe would otherwise result.

A corpse is allowed to stay on the burial platform for several months. During this time the relatives who have chosen to go into mourning continue to fast and to daub themselves with clay. At the end of this time a second funeral is held,

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Kwoma beliefs about ghosts form part of the charter of the funeral cult. Whenever a person is on the point of death, ghosts are believed to hover around in order to carry the soul to the land of the dead. After death they are believed to guard the body during the months that it is exposed on a platform, until the time when the bones are finally buried under the floor of the dwelling and distributed to the relatives and *friends*. The funeral cult functions directly to provide a means of expressing grief. It is at the first funeral ceremony, which begins when the person dies and ends after the corpse has been deposited on the platform, that the female relatives wail, and that the male relatives talk emotionally of their friendship with the deceased and express their hatred of those responsible for his death.[19] Second, this institution provides an opportunity for mourning. Relatives of the deceased daub themselves with mud and deny themselves some article of diet. Finally, the funeral cult provides for the disposal of the corpse, and thus functions to prevent sickness from contagion. The cult also has integrative functions in that it supports the relationship between relatives and *friends* through the distribution of the bones of the deceased at the time of the second funeral. The second funeral also provides an opportunity for a meeting of the members of the yam cult. Thus, were Kwoma teachers to allow pupils to disbelieve in ghosts, a new rationale would have to be discovered for the funeral cult or its functions would have to be taken over by some other institution.

Besides furnishing a reason for funeral practices, the belief in ghosts provides an explanation for strange noises at night and for dreams, and thus affords a rationale for action. When a Kwoma hears a strange noise at night, he rushes into the nearest house, closes the door, and shouts imprecations and curses at the ghosts, commanding them to return to the land of the dead. He often beats the air with sticks to strengthen his commands. If he has a nightmare he resorts to similar practices; the women may wail and beg the

[19] All deaths are believed to be caused by sorcery.

123 Toward evening about a dozen of the natives had gathered around our
526 house and we went out to talk to them. Soon we were idly tossing stones. They threw by stiffly rocking their whole bodies back and holding their wrists stiff. They did bend their elbows, however. None of them could throw as far as either Tip or I, but their accuracy at short distances was amazing. Approximately every other shot would hit a small sapling about twenty yards away.

114 While Tip and I were playing cribbage just before supper, it began to
132 rain-- a downpour with quite a strong wind. The house began to leak in various unsuspected places, particularly right over my head, where it came through with a gush and startled me. The storm lasted about half an hour when the wind shifted and the rain stopped. The wind is very peculiar here. It will blow up very strongly for about a minute and then will drop to almost an absolute calm for another minute.

796 Yesterday was supposed to be the second day of the singsing, but in the
764 morning Har came to tell us that it had been postponed because someone had died the night before. He was a young man who had been sick for quite a while. We did not think it wise to be too inquisitive, but found out that he had not been buried, but "hung up". The singsing began again today however.

796 During breakfast we heard the gongs and chanting start, so we ate
[114] quickly and started down the hill. By this time the drumming and singing had stopped.

796 When we reached the house tamberan, several of the natives greeted us
346 and shook our hands. Everyone talked with a hushed voice, explaining to us that
778 the singsing had not yet begun. We were led up to the altar which had been
[123] rearranged since the previous day of the singsing. It was in the shape of an inverted truncated cone about four feet high constructed from net bags stretched

October 27, 1936.

114 The day before yesterday Namb went home (on the Sepik river) to put a roof on his house which he had started to build before coming to work for us. He will be gone three days and Wisep will do the cooking -- even though he doesn't know much about it. We spent the morning working up our notes and the afternoon reading and playing pounce -- a game Tip has taught me, and at which he beats me regularly.

754 Yesterday the gongs were going almost all day. A man was sick and the
755 gongs were 'talking' against those who had poisoned (black magic) him. Mar, our houseboy, came in very worried and said he wished we would take him to America; he did not like this fashion of making poison. Everyone
[123] seemed to be rather upset about the situation. Tip and I felt that perhaps we were suspected because another man had died just after we had arrived. Mar seemed to be doubly afraid because he was working for us.

114 Toward evening I went out to see if I could shoot a pigeon with the
761 .22. Gyiyap and Sof came with me. When we had gone a short way down the path, suddenly one of the gongs began to beat in a very slow and measured manner. Both of them stopped short and their faces fell. The man had
[602] died. Sof was the classificatory brother of the dead man and seemed quite upset. His jaw worked and he looked very serious. Then he delivered a very bitter tirade against the making of poison. It was a "fashion no good". The man who had died shortly after our arrival and the one who had just died had been brothers; neither had been sick very long nor were they old men. Since they were Bangus, the Waskuk were suspected -- "fashion no good". We continued down the path, but both Gwiyap and Sof were preoccupied,
764 said that the pigeons had all gone, so we returned. Almost as soon as the gong had started to toll, a wailing began...women's voices, some high,

764 some low, and each rising and falling in the range of a few notes. Sometimes the sounds blended and at others the effect was a discordant jumble.

When we got back to the house, there was a group of six or seven sitting around in front of the house, talking about the death. Wof, who had just returned from his yam planting, seemed rather more upset than the others. The dead man belonged to his mother's sib. Sof also remained with set face and working jaws. The rest were all laughing and joking and gossiping, and were much amused when a little later Tip and I started a pole vaulting competition.

In the morning the wailing continued. One of the natives said that it had gone on all night although we hadn't heard it. Occasionally the gongs were sounded. After breakfast, Mar said he was going to the funeral and asked if we would like to go. Tip and I had decided to split our work and to take turns going on trips, so I went with Mar. Gwiyap and Mey came too. They suggested that I carry the .22, so I did. When we had almost arrived at the scene of the wailing, a house near where the singsing had been held, we saw a pigeon. I didn't want to shoot for fear of disturbing the mourners, but the natives insisted that it was all right.

Wof and another man were sitting in a house next to where the mourning was taking place. They were looking rather sad. We sat down for a few minutes [533] and watched the women wailing. They were sitting under the porch extension, shaking their shoulders slightly up and down as they sang. There did not appear to be any words. Only one man was there--Mweje, a dilapidated old fellow with a withered arm and a scar on his forehead caused by some disease which had eaten away the flesh to the bone. He saw us and beckoned us to come over. When I came up to them, several of the women stopped their wiling to greet me as usual. Soon afterward, the wailing stopped. Some children

h [i.e. wailing - analyst]

764 came soon after we arrived and sat down. Then about six young men, mostly
"savvy talks" came into the clearing carrying a large wooden shield carved on its
[754] face. They came up, greeted me, and at once began talking in much the same vein
as Sof had the night before about the evils of black magic. Kwonayi came up,
[123] shook my hand and took the lead during all of this conversation, keeping ahold
of my hand the whole time. They excitedly talked about getting my cooperation
in punishing the culprit when he was found. They planned to take him to the
[154] "kiop" and have him put in the calabouse. They said the dead man had been
poisoned by somebody getting some of his food and burning it. They warned
me not to throw any of my food near the road where the natives could get at
it.

When they had talked themselves out, they carried the shield over and lifted the dead man onto it. Two women came and each broke a lime gourd on the shield, and poured the lime out. Two of the young men then lifted the shield onto their shoulders and started down the hill. I asked Kwonayi if I could follow, and he assured me there was nothing to be afraid of.

The procession very shortly reached a small clearing where there was a house. On either side of the structure has been built a tall rectangular form, one the burial platform of the man who had died a few weeks ago and the other ready to receive the present remains. There was a faint smell of decaying
[417] flesh coming from the older platform. The other one had a ladder leading up to the small cubicle which was formed by a platform and flat roof. The body was carried up the ladder feet first and the shield was removed. Then the women, who had resumed their wailing when the man had been put on the shield, entered the enclosure and sat down in front of the house. When I had first arrived only one of them had any special mark of mourning--her face had been smeared with clay. Now most of them had a band of lime on their foreheads-- presumably
[602] from the broken lime gourds. (Later I found out that the classificatory sisters of the deceased wore this badge; relatives by marriage did not.)

764 [415] Next a bamboo filled with water (the usual method of carrying water) was carried up the ladder by Afaloweanj, an old man; he was assisted by two other men in washing the body. Meanwhile the "savvy talks" broke the points of two spears formerly belonging to the deceased. There were passed up the ladder to the cubicle and lashed crossways over the body. The arms and legs of the body were lashed to the floor, and the burial was complete. The undertakers climbed down the ladder and went off to wash, saying that they would meet me at the house tamberan, where sortly[1] thereafter the gong tolled. As I was leaving, I heard one of the women inside of the house sobbing instead of wailing in the patterned manner.

754 Wof and some others were already at the house tamberan when I arrived. Later some of those who had officiated at the funeral came. The conversation once again turned to poison. Kwonai described the process by which he considered the men to have been killed. The group had calmed down considerably and now discussed the affair much more matter-of-factly than they had previously. They were still bitter toward the perpetrator of the deed and seemed to be afraid for their own safety. Kwonai told me someone had stolen a bit of food which the deceased had carelessly thrown away; the evil doer had then carried it to Koriyasi, who had performed a magical rite on it. They had put the leavings in a tall narrow pot, filled it half full of water, and let it boil away until only the sediment of the food remains were left. A bamboo of cold water was then poured into the pot and on the fire. That is followed by an explosion of steam. The food disappears, and soon afterward the man died.

114 October 28-Nov. 9, 1936. A week ago Friday, October 30, Tip and I went in to Ambunti to spend the weekend for the sake of a holiday. Bob Overall had brought the mail up the river that morning, so we were greeted with a very welcome packet of letters. George and Max (a medical assistant

[1] [i.e., shortly - analyst]

164 [123] [657] on the knee. Luckily Max Mann, the medical assistant from Ambunti is due here in a few days on his patrol.

124 Now that we are beginning to know individuals by name in a wider circle and their kinship ties, we are finding several corrections that must be made in the schematic kinship system given above. We are now able to get genealogies from older men and those who do not speak pidgin. These are not reliable of course, but they give us names, marriage connexions, and 572 [192] inter-tribal affiliations which serve as leads. The term nareuboy we find has a deeper meaning than friend. It seems to be used to address a limited number of individuals (and their wives) of different sibs of the same age grade. Such boys or men are the ones who are scarified or who will be scarified at the month long ceremony in one of the house tamberans. They are carved up on the same bark slab according to some order which we don't [264] yet know. Later on when one's nareuboy dies, the others get particular parts of the skeleton; jaw-bone, ulnar, and collar-bone.

114 Speaking of interruptions, we have had a young man from Yelagu around the house from time to time. He is a fugitive from this place, a little bush-village several miles back, as yet unvisited by the government. John has worked a bit with him on vocabulary, Yelagu talk being a little different [158] from Bongwam. The story is that he is insane and that his reason for being here is that he killed his wife and fears revenge from her family if he returns. Just as we were finishing lunch today, Mundik , this fellow by name, 114 629 came up to the cook house with his wrists tightly bound, heads greatly swollen, teeth missing, and suffering from several bruises on the face. His story is that he was attending the second burial of a Wenyabankura sib woman, an affinal relation. After the distribution of the food at the house,

794 partly by the fact that membership in the two cults is maintained at an [241] approximate equality. These cults are connected with yams in that the cults are thought to be essential to the growth of these vegetables, and [534] they are held two yam plantings apart. The second stage is the nokwi which [241] introduces mysteries of the water drum to its members. This is also connected with yams in that the young men are initiated into this only after they have planted their first yams--itself a sacred rite.

754 Black magic is constantly being practiced and everyone in the culture is always careful of food leavings and blood which are the two most important [182] materials for the hands of the operator. This belief is very strongly [154] integrated in the culture and seems to function in the expression of aggressions and to offer a readymade explanation of neurotic anxiety.

795 The dfad dwell on the top of a nearby mountain in a topsyturvy existence. These ghosts chase and frighten people at night but do not kill them. They sometimes take the form of a bird or animal in the day time. In particular they hover around a dead man, for their job is to escort him [764] to the land of the dead. (There is a double funeral, first an exposure [765] on platform and secondly, burial of bones beneath floor of the house.)

796 There are other types of supernatural creatures who dwell in rocks, waterholes, etc., in the guise of snakes. They cause wind, rain, thunder, lightening and the rainbow, and are dangerous to man in that if they are disturbed they will shoot him with a sago needle which is painful but not [794] fatal. These beings are associated with the men's cult. The uninitiated are told that the esoteria are made and operated by these creatures.

. . . . . .

128 This is the bare outline of the culture in itself incomplete. Some of the interstices and interrelations we have the information to fill in and others we have not.

761 A man of Dusus died this afternoon. He was an old man, so it was
534 taken as a matter of course. There was not much talk about sorcery,
[764] although it was agreed that he died of sunga (poison). Just after sundown, the gongs of all the house tamberans were tolled simultaneously, as a tribute. It was very effective. War and Way tolled the Rumbima gongs.

824 Kwiya had brought back the roots of wank, a swamp grown tree with aerial roots. The bark had been removed. She was whipping it against a tree and shredding it, taking out fine strong threads about eight feet long. War stopped in and took one of the roots.

602 I was down at Mar's when Wof began ranting about, and calling for Uka.
578 There was no firewood. Why hadn't she brought it? After scolding her, he gave her a couple of thumps on the back with the flat of his hand which I could hear distinctly. Uka began crying. Kwiya, Awambaka and Yawa were angry with Wof for this. Awambaka told me to go up and fight him. Mar and Owiyap said nothing.

861 Kum broke Owiyap's belt by playing with it. Owiyap, Kwiya, and Awa began scolding him for it. He was standing just outside the house. They told him to come and get beaten. Kum stood still leaning on a shovel and did not answer or move. Owiyap did not go after him.

124 I tried to get Awa to give me kinship terms this morning, but she wouldn't despite/half hour's cajoling and threatening. Tonight at her house, she gave them willingly.

586 Memoy came through on the way back from Tangwishamp. He had helped the "finish timers" carry their bones and had gone to collect pay for his no. 2 wife, Tangwshok who had left him to marry a Tangwishamp. The story is that Memoy beat up his no. 1 wife and no. 2 had run away. When he arrived at Tangwishamp, he found that she and her new husband had gone to Amaki to hide, so he did not get his pay.

000 Amaki to hide, so he did not get his pay.

684 Yat came back from Tangwishamp and told me that one of the men who
628 had worked on a white plantation and had been away for five years found that his wife, who had been staying with her brother at Urambanj, had a child two years old and was again pregnant. He was very angry. A group of Tangwishamps and Urambanj gathered at the Urambanj house tamberan with spears and had a big parley, brandishing their spears and bone daggers.
[648] The Urambanj brought pay--ten pieces of shell money. The Tangwishamps were not satisfied and said that they were going to bring the case before the government. The case rests thus. The Tangwishamps said that if the Urambanji do not agree to this court, they will either kill the women or bring the police to shoot the place up.

857 Awa and Afi cut some sticks and made a bed outside their houses. It
883 was a peculiar structure, but they enjoyed making it. None of the boys helped them. Pit and May said that they were going to make a good one the next day. Ekiya was shredding fishline. Yawa was sitting by the fire doing nothing.

501 Mar and Mes worked on their canoe. Ekiya, Awa, and Afi went to
262 their former hamlet site in the morning to get coconuts and other food
313 stuffs. Yawa gathered a large net bag of firewood.

226 April 7, 1937. Owiyap, Ekiya and Awa went fishing, but they did not catch
123 anything. Kaya and Chinuwa and Kum came to visit while I was still in bed. Kum was playing with the scissors and cut a hole in my net. Chinuwa scolded him and told me to fight him.

764 Wof and War went to Dawus to attend the funeral ceremony. This is
[593] a gong and flute ceremony but there is no dancing or singing. Food was
[262] provided by the dead man's brothers. The ceremony lasted for two days and one night.

Songs, exhortations

539 Wail sung to mourn a death

533 hogwinaŋ́ŋ̀ŋ́ŋ́yeyaŋ̀ɛ́t ahé — Who is looking for him?

764 gambe ge be sowahè — He is gone to the land of the dead.

afaku mete né ye yan hè — Father come and get him.

Wail sung to mourn a death

awi hahé/hé — Mother come

nokwa aké nahé — Give me sago

hogwi anhanahé — Give me meat

eié havahé — I am hungry

789 Casting a spell (yamba menijio) is used to protect gardens from pigs
[192] and theft, to prevent rain, thunder, lightening, to quell the wind, etc. , and for healing purposes.

789 Exhortation to marsalai to quell the wind. If all the snakes are killed, tied
539 up and put in a hold, the wind cannot blow.

533 uŋ́naŋ́ré sowíge — Kill the snake (a certain kind in each case)

naygwus sowíge — " " "

hoffna sowíge — " " "

kie hoffé sowíge — " " "

veyfhof sowíge — " " "

apunkérámbwejuwé — Fasten him

nokú feyétin juwé — Tie him up

kay wanuwé — Put him in the hollow of a tree.